

people are pretty well tired out." The minister rose from his chair, showing his six feet and two inches of longitude to advantage, and inquired: "Elder, that sermon was on the subject of repentance, was it not? Now, tell me, have the people repented, as I told them to?" The abashed official stammered: "Well, no, Dominie, I don't think they have." "Then," thundered the minister, "go you and tell them that I propose to preach that sermon until they do repent."

OUR GOD is a merciful God, long suffering and full of compassion.

Children's Department.

THE CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Jesus high in glory.

Lend a listening ear;
While we bow before Thee,
Infant praises hear.

Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
They will stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour! guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee
Take our sins away.

Then when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We will gladly answer;
Saviour, Lord, we come!

RULES FOR DAILY LIFE.

"Thou God seest me."

1. Say nothing you would not like God to hear.
2. Do nothing you would not like God to see.
3. Write nothing you would not like God to read.
4. Think nothing you would not like God to reveal.
5. Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.
6. Read nothing of which you would not like God to say, "shew it me."
7. Never so spend your time that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

THE BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

THREE fair young girls were seated on a mossy bank by the borders of a rippling stream which flowed in silent beauty at their feet. It was a beautiful picture. The sun was gilding all things with a golden brightness, and lighting up the features of the young and mirthful damsels who were merrily engaged in wreathing garlands of wild flowers, and decking each other with the garlands twined by these fairy fingers. By-and-by they began to compare the beauty and size of their hands, and each disputed with the others that hers were the loveliest of all. One washed her hands in the limpid stream; another picked the wild strawberries and stained her finger tips a ruddy pink; the third gathered sweet violets until her hands were redolent with their fragrance. An aged and haggard woman, clad in the garb of meanest poverty, drew near, saying, "Give me of